

## I Can Choose

On the morning of the great anxiety  
*(like every morning)*,  
I pause in the terror  
to remember Ptah,  
and pray.  
So much of the future has been determined already,  
by actions in the past,  
sadly unchangeable actions in the past.  
I can only choose how I will act now.  
Do I act from a place of love,  
and not rage?  
The rage may seem deserved,  
but what comes of it?  
Did the seeds of kindness I forgot to water  
wither and die?  
Were there no nourishing offerings?  
I can take a cloak for the coldness,  
a cloak I knit myself out of love.  
I can do that.  
Let the love begin here.  
I was born in innocence,  
as we all were.  
The cascade of events that conspire  
to take away that innocence  
are different for each of us,  
but are rooted in the same hatred.  
Can I choose not to hate?  
Can I seek understanding?  
If only I will keep trying,  
the murky confusion may clarify.  
I can choose not to give up.  
I can choose hope.  
This moment, I will hope.  
You, now, reading,  
choose in your moment.  
I will give you a slow growing flower.  
Tend it for me.